A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, July 13. 1708.

Mad Man. IT's a ſtrange thing, Mr. *Review*, that in all your Converſation you have had with ſuch a mad Fellow *as I*, you cannot avoid, *no nor ſo much as conceal your being a mad Man your ſelf*; I cannot believe that I have infected you, you were certainly mad originally.

Review. What do you mean? —What is the Matter with you? —

M. Nay, nay, mad Men never mean, Sir, no Meaning at all; if you do not underſtand me, Sir, I have done.

Rev. What, can you not explain your ſelf? ——

M. 'Tis Explication enough at any time for a *mad Man*, but to let you know he is mad; *but will* you return the Propoſal and *explain your ſelf a little?*

Rev. What have I done that wants to be explain'd?

M. Why pray, *let us know a little*, what Buſineſs you have to put in your Oar between the *Poſt Boy* and *Flying-Poſt*, and meddle with their Quarrels, have not you Quarrels enough of your own? Can't you let them alone to call one another Names, and quarrel and ſcold as they think fit? *I'll warrant ye*, let them fall out never ſo much, they'll agree in falling *both upon you.*

Rev. Truly it may be ſo, and I am prepared for all that; I know what Anſwer to give them to all their *Billinſgate* Language.

M. What

M. What Answer will you give them?

Rev. Truly just no Answer at all; for Silence is a Contempt due to all Sorts of Scurrillity.

M. So then, you will be *mute mad*, will you? I find, either speak or hold your Tongue, I shall have you *in* for a Lunatick.

Rev. As you please for that.

M. But what Business had you with their Quarrels, I beseech your Worship, what Business?

Rev. None at all, neither do I meddle with their Quarrels at all, let them fall in as they fall out—But when People set up for a new way of relenting Wrongs, as they call it— A CUSTOMARY METHOD, which is in plain *English* Murther, Assassination, Bastinadoe, Dueling, and the like; I think it is time for me, and every honest Man to speak, and to fill the Minds of the peaceable People of this Nation, with as just an Abhorrence of such a Method as the Thing deserves——— And let the Gentlemen mean what they will, the Author of the *Flying-Post* cannot justifie publishing any thing that looks like it.

M. The *Post-Boy* is much oblig'd to you for taking so much care of him.

Rev. He is no more obliged to me than the *Flying-Post* is; I do not know so much as who the Author of the *Post-Boy* is, and therefore I am very far from acting to oblige him—But I think, they are all oblig'd to me to exclaim against such Practices, by which they and every honest Man in the Nation may on one Occasion or another be murther'd by these CUSTOMARY METHODS, *&c.*

M. But what do you reckon this *Customary Method* to be, and how are you sure you pass a right Judgment?

Rev. Why first, we all know what Legal Methods are, for Satisfaction in Cases of Affronts—Such as Actions of Slander and Defamation, Actions of Trespass, *&c.* and various other Legal Prosecutions— What *Customary Methods* can be call'd, is hard to determine; but they seem to me to be confined to Threatnings, Fightings or Assaulting. If there are any other things to be understood by it, I shall wait for Explications; I do not charge the Gentlemen with having any ill Design; but I'll appeal to all the World, whether, when the Advertisement distinguishes between *Legal Methods* and *Customary*, he does not mean some Methods that are *not* Legal, but *Customary*; and what they are, the Gentleman concern'd ought to distinguish.

M. Well, but what's this to you, or to e're a mad Man alive?

Rev. O *Sir Bedlamite*, if that be all your Quarrel, I'll tell you I have this Concern in it, that I, *and every honest Man*, am as much concern'd to discourage all illegal Methods of gratifying Revenge, as we are to discourage Robbing on the High-way, or Firing of Houses; we have many Instances of private Murthers, in Duelling, Assassinating, and Bastinadoing, and really they have been so frequent, that they claim too much the Title of *Customary Methods*; and if this be encourag'd, it may soon be as unsafe to walk the Streets of *London*, as it is the Streets of *Naples*, and *English* Men will turn *Italians*; therefore every Man is concern'd to discourage it.

M. That's the sobereft thing you have said a good while, because perhaps you apprehend it for your self.

Rev. Indeed I have not the least Apprehension of it, and go as unguarded into all Company as any Man.

M. What is the Reason you do not apprehend it?

Rev. A great many Reasons. 1. I have provok'd no Man to such an Act of Passion and Fury with me as that. 2. I keep no such Company as are used to such Methods, or to put it to our Case, such Methods are not *Customary* in the Company I keep——— It is true, there are a Party of Men who are angry enough at what the *Review* says to them sometimes, but I am under the Protection of GOD's Providence, and the *English* Laws, and I walk without Fear. It is true, I have been threatned with these *Customary Methods* too—but I desire such always to remember, that tho' the Law does not allow us to revenge our selves, it does allow us to defend our selves, and I am always prepar'd for that.

M. But

M. But was not Mr. *Tutchin* as well able to defend himself as you, and yet they say he was murther'd?

Rev. 'Tis *true*, and if it please GOD to deliver me into the Power of *Ruffians*, I may be so serv'd too—But I still cannot distrust his Providence so much as to fear it, having also never run into such Extremes of Personal Insults, as some Men have done; I assault Crimes not Persons, I reprove Vice, oppose Tyranny, and condemn Parties; but I do not call Men Rogue and Rascal by Name, just as if on purpose to provoke Men beyond the Government of their own Passions; if I did this, I might expect the worst—But what is that to such a mad Fellow as you—or what is it to the present Case?

M. It's much to the present Case, and as mad as you think me, I think I speak for your Advantage; for while you pretend to talk to People that are for *Customary* Ways, it is not so improbable, that they may try their *Customary* Ways upon your self for reproving them.

Rev. Not at all; I am perswaded, the Word was not the Gentlemen's own, they know better, or at least if it was theirs, they did not foresee its Extent; I have said nothing to provoke these Gentlemen, nor design'd any thing reflecting on them; they can resent nothing in my Discourse, without first owning that they had a Design of Murther and Assassination, and I should be very sorry to find Men of their Quality stoop so low as that.

M. Well, but you have affronted both the *Flying-Post* and the *Post-Boy*, and they are both Foreigners; One, they say, is a *French* Man, and the Other is a *Scots* Man, and their Blood may not be so soon cool, but they may maul you.

Rev. It must be in the Dark then, or at the Corner of an Alley, upon a short Turn, where I cannot see, and they may be sure to run away.

M. Why so pray, *are you such a stout Fellow?*

Rev. No, no, not at all; but because if it be by Day-Light, and in the open Air, there will be the less Danger on one side, and the more on t'other; I shall see the better to defend my self, and they the worse to make an Escape.

M. Why now you are against your own Law, *I thought you would be mad*, you are for challenging and fighting, *and all that*.

Rev. No, no, *far from it*; no challenging or Fighting at all, but always *defending*—Resisting Violence and Murtherers, by all Manner of Violence and Force; there are no Rules to be observ'd with such; an Assassin is a *mad Dog*, that every Man by every Sort of Means is bound to destroy; every thing is fair to a Murtherer, and every Man ought to be ready to deal with such People as these.

M. What, *do you carry Pistols about you?*

Rev. I carry nothing about me, but what honest Men should carry about them, (*viz.*) GOD's Protection and a good Conscience; and both help to keep me from being afraid of the People you are talking of.

M. I do not love Folks that carry Pistols in their Pockets.

Rev. It is none of the easiest Lives that oblige People to do so, and I thank GOD, I never was brought to see an Occasion for it—But if there were Occasion, an honest Man might well do it—— Had *Tutchin* had a Pistol in each Pocket, and had shot two of those Ruffians through the Head that attack'd him, would not every Man have said he had done well? The Laws of GOD, of Nature, and of the Nation had justify'd him; he would have been applauded for a brave Fellow, and perhaps he might have so scared the other by it, as that they might have been apprehended, and the plotted Murther had been discover'd; all these Advantages, besides saving his own Life, had happen'd, had he been provided for Villains.

M. That is true indeed; well, I'll carry Pistols in my Pocket then.

Rev. You Pistols, what a mad Man carry Pistols! who by the Law is not to be trusted with a Knife? Who will come near you, when you have Death in your Pocket, and nothing in your Head.

M. I am fit to be trusted with my Life why not with Instruments to defend it?

Rev. Two